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VERSES:
GRAVE, AND GAY.



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THE LIBRARY
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OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

VERSES:
GRAVE, AND GAY.

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GRAVE, AND GAY.

BY

G W I L Y M .

(WM. WHITACRE.)

“FROM GRAVE TO GAY.”

Pope.

WHITEHAVEN :
R. BURLINGTON, LOWTHER STREET.

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VERSES:
GRAVE AND GAY.

MAUD.

MAUD'S blue eyes are soft and shining,
Glints her hair with golden sheen,
Mantles o'er her lily features
Loveliest blush of seventeen.

Maud, to-day, like flow'ret droopeth,
Down her cheek the tear-drop flows,
Trembling on her silken lashes,
Bright as dew-drop on the Rose.

This is gentle Maud's first sorrow,
Seems to her all joy hath fled,
Seems there's little left to live for
Now her darling Bird lies dead.

* * * * *

Little maiden, tender-hearted,
Traversing life's 'thorny steep—
Be this the greatest of your sorrows,
These the bitt'rest tears you'll weep!

APRIL.

THE daffodil tosseth her scornful head
 As she's kissed by the passing gale ;
 And on sunlit bank, and in woodland dell,
 Clusters the primrose pale—
 Bright daisies whiten the verdant mead,
 And the streamlet goes singing by,
 And through snowy masses of threat'ning cloud
 Peeps the soft blue of the sky.

The ardent glance of the wooing Sun
 Wakes sleeping Nature to life and light,
 And she joyously dons her robe of green,
 And the skylark wingeth his heavenward flight.
 We long, O Spring, for thy promised flowers,
 And rejoice as each tender bud appears—
 We sigh for a glimpse of thy fair young face—
 When April smileth through tears.



FLOWERS.

WHEN the flaming sword of the Seraph
 Drove Eve from her paradise bowers,
 Sweet Pity—to brighten the future,
 Gave—(a mem'ry of Eden)—fair flowers !

The angels were smitten with sorrow
 For' the sighs of our grief-laden years ;
 And o'er the pale petals of roses
 Fell gently their soft dewy tears.

There, gem-like, for ever they glisten,
 Like stars in the blue vault above,
 To show we're remember'd in Heaven,
 And watched o'er by angelic love.

TO A BLUE-STOCKING.

YOU'RE a bit of a "blue,"
 And your novels are "shocking."
 You write sonnets and plays
 Through the long summer days,
 But your neighbour she says :—
 " *What* a hole in her stocking !"
 You're a bit of a blue
 And your novels are shocking.



NOBODY'S DOG.

WHO has not noticed, when crossing a street,
 Limping along in the mud, at his feet,
 Drenched with the rain, or bewildered by fog,
 That forlorn little creature—Nobody's Dog ?

Piteous the look of his sad, wistful eye,
 Craving the love which base man doth deny ;
 Mute appeal !—all in vain ?—to hearts dead as a
 log—

Not one grain of pity for Nobody's Dog !

" Nobody's Dog " is so wretchedly thin,
 That his poor little bones show out through his
 skin,

And he's maimed by a kick from some ruffian's
 vile clog,

For everyone's " down upon " Nobody's Dog.

What harm has he done in his life's little span ?
 What friend half so true as Dog is to Man ?
 What—what ! must he starve—whilst ye glut the
 vile hog ?

But turned out to perish is—Nobody's Dog !

Homeless and famished—maddened with thirst—
 Chased, till, with terror, his heart's like to burst,
 By vicious young scamps (whom the law should
 well flog),
 Till death ends the suff'rings of Nobody's Dog !



IF !

WHILE smoking in the twilight hour,
 (Wise dining had appeased my hunger,)
 I mused on what I'd do, and dare,
 If I were only ten years younger !

I'd study tomes I *ought* to read :
 Roman and Grecian, French and German,
 Publish *that* poem—the world should see ;
 Perchance I'd try to write a sermon !

I'd play the violin—I think,
 Like Sarasate—wond'rous fellow,
 I'd not disdain the loud Bassoon,
 The Trombone, Hautboy, or the 'Cello !

I'd sing like Santley or Sims Reeves,
 Such ditties as "Sweetheart, Good-bye."
 "The Death of Nelson," too, I'd chant
 Till tears bedewed the manly eye !

With Stanley visit Afric's shore,
 Or seek the Pole with vent'rous Nansen,
 And teach the Esquimaux to waltz,
 (Those uncouth tribes should practice dancing).

Such are a few things I might do,
 Great Crichton !—there are more, in plenty ;
 Clever (and conceited) I should be
 If I were only nine-and-twenty !

Last—not least—belovèd May,
 For whom, ah ! me, my heart doth hunger,
 I'd woo thee for my bonnie bride,
 If I were only ten years younger !



A LOST LOVE.

*“ 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.”*

TENNYSON.

Mourned a poor heart—with anguish sore riven,
 Whom love had betray'd—to Madness nigh driven.

* * * * *

GRIEVE not, O fond One—be nobler and
 stronger,
 This tribute of tears thou must render no longer.
 Forsaken, and friendless, and weary with pain,
 Though for thee Joy is dead—thou hast not lov'd
 in vain.
 'Twas Love woke thy soul, which erst had been
 sleeping,
 To Light and to Life—a bright World with no
 weeping.
 Thy Heart—a fresh flow'r, drank young Love's
 joyous kiss ;
 Fond Memory retains, midst its treasures—*that*
 bliss.
 Then, Heart—Broken Flow'r—Love's incense lose
 never,
 O Heart ! Shattered Vase !—shed Love's fragrance
 for ever.

PANTOUM.

WHY dost thou tarry, O Spring?
 Nymph of the pale primrose!
 The throstle refuseth to sing,
 No golden-cupp'd daffodil blows.

Nymph of the pale primrose!
 Smile on woodland and lea;
 No golden-cupp'd daffodil blows,
 Leafless each hedgerow and tree.

Smile on woodland and lea
 (Darkly the storm-cloud lowers)
 Leafless each hedgerow and tree—
 Bring us sweet sunshine and flowers.

Darkly the storm-cloud lowers,
 The bleak winds scourge the plain,
 Bring us sweet sunshine and flowers,
 Bring joy to young hearts again.

The bleak winds scourge the plain,
 Why dost thou tarry, O Spring?
 Bring joy to young hearts again,
 (The throstle refuseth to sing!)



VILLANELLE.

O HAPPY hour when first we met,
 (With joy thy starry blue eyes shine);
 My heart's own love—my sweet Lynnette!

Thou art no cruel, false Coquette,
 Though witching be thy form divine—
 O, happy hour when first we met!

Thy gold hair scorns the silken net,
 Its tresses my fond heart entwine,
 My heart's own love—my sweet Lynnette!

Bright be our future—little pet,
 (What joy to think that thou art mine),
 O, happy hour when first we met!

A tear thy dark-fringed lids hath wet,
 I'll kiss away dark Sorrow's sign,
 My heart's own love—my sweet Lynnette!

What years of joy await us yet,
 Till we this lower life resign,
 O, happy hour when first we met,
 My heart's own love—my sweet Lynnette!



RONDEAU.

O CRUEL Love! thine arrows keen
 Fly swift and sure—like light their sheen.
 Young hearts their mark, so free from care,
 The grave, the gay—thou dost not spare,
 Nor peasant-maid nor throned queen.

Ah! little reckest thou, I ween,
 For lovers' griefs, blind god serene!
 Or tears of the forsaken fair,
 O, cruel Love!

Had I thy bright face never seen,
 Thy liquid eyes, "Sweet Seventeen!"
 The glint of thy soft golden hair,
 Thy beauty, radiant as rare,
 Ah, me! how happy I had been!
 O, cruel Love!

NO NEVER !

NEVER offer your spouse
 A rare exquisite Sonnet,
 Else yourself you'll deceive—
 And doubtless you'll grieve,
 When you're forced to believe
 She prefers a new bonnet !
 Never offer your spouse,
 A rare, exquisite Sonnet !



BEST OF ALL !

WHEN parting, one eve, from my own true
 love,

Three gifts I received from that maiden fair—
 A ribbon so bright, and a snow-white flower,
 And a tiny tress of her golden hair.

The ribbon was blue as her own sweet eyes,
 Its colour betokened unfading love,
 The flow'ret rivalled her dainty cheek,
 Where the rose and lily for mast'ry strove,

But the envious wind tore my ribbon away,
 And bore it with joy to the distant sea,
 The fair flower drooped, and died in an hour,
 While the golden tress was stolen from me !

I bitterly railed at my cruel fate,
 For these omens filled me with nameless dread.
 "Grieve not," saith my love, with her sunniest smile,
 "For ribbon or rose—take my Heart instead !"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

THE Revd. Chrysostom Polycarp Brown
 Last Sunday preached a powerful sermon,
 Soft fell his words on sinful hearts,
 Like evening dew on far Mount Hermon.

He spoke (for quite an hour, or more)—
 Of angels' joy o'er rescued sinners—
 The listeners all were moved to tears,
 'Twas said that some forgot their dinners !

Folks called that sermon "quite a treat,"
 The ladies thought it "nice" and "clever,"
 Next week, alas ! 'twas all forgot—
 And they went on sinning, as bad as ever !



IN THE GLOAMING.

AT the hour when faint and weary,
 Sinks the great Day King to rest,
 And his flushed brow reposes
 On the calm wave's gentle breast,
 When a solemn holy quiet
 Reigns o'er hill, and dale, and mere,
 And the murmur of the streamlet
 Falls alone upon the ear.

Then a Spirit, sad and lonely,
 Claims me wholly for its own,
 Takes me gently 'neath its soft wings—
 Bids me wander forth alone
 To a rustic seat, moss-covered,
 'Neath an old and spreading tree,
 Where so often in the gloaming,
 Sat a loved one with me.

There to muse, as dark and slowly
 Falls eve's shades upon the vale,
 And through the pendent branches,
 Steal the moonbeams cold and pale,
 And upon the ear, unheeded,
 Dies the sweet sound of the chime
 As it vainly bids me hearken
 To the voice of passing time.

For mine eyes gaze long and fondly
 On the visions I see there,
 On the forms that, from the darkness,
 Gaze on me with mournful air,
 And *one* face, now glory-lighted,
 Shines a sad sweet smile on me,
 Thus again I see my loved one,
 'Neath the old and spreading tree.



THE PARTING OF HILDA AND OLAF.

(*Fragment.*)

NOW from the Eastern hills, the Sun's bright
 eye
 With joy beholds the softly slumb'ring Earth,
 And 'neath her ardent lover's burning gaze,
 With rosy blush her lovely pale face glows ;
 From leafy spray which bends beneath the weight
 Of diamond dewdrops, bursts a flood of song,
 And from the snow-clad hills come pure and sweet,
 The soft wind's breath—the perfume of the pine,
 And gently kiss Queen Hilda's pallid cheek,
 Who, like a tender flow'r bruised by the storm,
 In silent sorrow droops her golden head.

Thrice she essays to clasp the armour of her lord ;
 With cold wan face, and chillèd trembling hand ;
 And thrice she fails—for her sweet eyes of blue
 Are blind with ever-springing bitter tears.
 The golden head lies soft on Olaf's breast,
 And nestles near his noble heart, while faint
 The sweet voice, sorrow-broken, falters forth :—

“ O thou who art the light of these sad eyes,
 Whose faithful love is this poor heart's sole joy,
 O leave me not ! I cannot live without thy love ;
 I cannot tread life's thorny path alone.
 Ah ! leave me not to count the joyless days,
 And hated ling'ring nights, in grief and pain !
 Stay with me, love !—forget the stormy seas
 And battlefield of blood—and, by thy side,
 I'll sit—and in the light of summer eve,
 Will sing to thee sweet songs of Love—and swift
 The happy hours will fly, and Peace and Joy be
 thine.”

Thus the lovely Queen—while round King Olaf's
 neck
 Her snowy, rounded arms are clasped, and fall
 Like golden shower, her wavèd tresses fair.
 And gaze the soft eyes, through the glist'ning
 tears,
 With piteous look into the King's sad face ;
 And, with moist eyes, and loving downward glance,
 The King looked long into the love-lit eyes,
 And kiss'd the tear-drops from the long-fring'd lids.

Then loving arms of fainting Hilda take,
 Their last heart-broken passionate embrace :
 Her death-pale lips receive the parting kiss—
 And all around is dark.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

'TIS Christmastide. In happy English homes
 Joy reigns. Young hearts (and old) make
 merry,
 Beauty enraptures with her gracious smile,
 Rose lips are kissed beneath the mystic berry.

* * * * *

While all is joy within the rich man's home,
 In yonder garret, on this bitter night,
 See yon brave, honest workman, out of work
 Spending *his* Christmas, in most doleful plight.

No work—no cash—no friend—no food—no fire !
 In silent grief a-wishing he were dead,
 Watching through hours of pain, his dying wife—
 His pretty bairns cry piteously for bread !

Help, help the suff'ring, oh ! my festive friend !
 For God hath given thee great store of gold
 His steward thou,—waste not His gift on Self,
 But shield thy brother from grim Want, and Cold.



LOVE'S MESSAGE.

F LY swift my fair one, O faithful bird,
 Bear her this message o'er river and lea ;
 Tell her I'm sighing for one loving word,
 Tell her, oh, tell her to come back to me.

Say, the loved tones of her silvery voice
 Fond Mem'ry recalls, and their sweet girlish glee,
 Once more, let their music this sad heart rejoice—
 Tell her, oh, tell her to come back to me.

Say, when the light of her sunniest smile
 Shines on my soul, Care's black cloud shall flee,
 Say, her gay laugh shall Grief's moments beguile,
 Tell her, oh, tell her to come back to me.

Spread not, sweet Hope, thy bright wings to depart!
 Grant that once more I may happiness see,
 Restore its lost Joy, to this fond faithful heart,
 And tell her, oh, tell her to come back to me!



TO A CELEBRATED MUSICIAN.

MAGICIAN! from thy wondrous fingers white
 Flows a soft spell which thrills us with delight,
 Enchants the senses—like Love's soft caress—
 Wafts the rapt soul to worlds of happiness.

And wakes old memories of happy hours
 When Youth and Love walked hand in hand,
 midst flowers,

And Earth's bright pleasures had no base alloy,
 When, but to live and love—was purest joy!

And two young hearts—bound by Love's golden
 chain—

Found life a happy dream—nor thought of pain,
 Till she—the loved one—felt Death's ice-cold kiss,
 (One angel less on Earth—one more in bliss.)

The sweet, low, rippling melody, recalls
 Her voice—whose liquid music softly falls
 On souls whose sorrow is once more awaking:
 Pr'ythee, musician, cease!—our anguish'd hearts
 are breaking.

A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

SHE was a Girton girl, of fair maidens quite a
 Pearl,
 'Twould fill a Cyclopædia all the sciences she
 knew—

Yet was she sweet and gentle, e'en a trifle
 sentimental,

Though her erudition frightened all the men who
 came to woo.

Now Jane Parker, her hand-maid—*she* was not at
 all afraid,

Though as ignorant a creature as 'twas possible
 to be,

And she knew a fortune-teller, who tenanted a '
 cellar,

Where a "slavey" (for a Sixpence) could her
 future husband see!

And you scarcely will believe (though appearances
 deceive,

And Woman is the same that she was in days
 of old)

That "Miss Girton"—on my "davey"—went with
 her silly slavey,

On several occasions, for to have her fortune told.

The planets then were "ruled," and these women
 duly fooled,

And our charming Girton maiden (very frightened)
 learned her fate;

"She would wed a handsome stranger, dark,
 fierce, and scorning danger,

And her children (girls not counted) would be
 either seven or eight!"

In these strenuous modern days, there exists a silly
 craze
 For filling pretty craniums with facts no use at
 all ;
 And all this useless lore, makes the fair sex seem
 a bore,
 And your learned Girton maiden's but a Woman
 after all !



A WARNING TO BACHELORS.

YOUNG Frank, the gay and *debonair*,
 Was jilted by bright Flo, the fair :—
 Enraged—he stormed, his hair he tore,
 And, sad to say, “big D’s” he swore—
 Resolved to bid the world farewell,
 And hie him to a hermit’s cell,
 False woman’s face no more to see ;
 From woman’s wiles, for aye, be free !

Such were his thoughts, when little Lou
 (With eyes of softest, deepest blue,
 And hair of purest golden hue)
 Bestowed on Frank a smile so sweet,
 His wounded heart ‘gan fast to beat ;
 And soon her fingers’ rosy tips
 Were kissed by “wicked” Frank’s glad lips ;
 And Frank (who swore, in language fine,
 Ne’er more to bend at Beauty’s shrine)—
 Who scorned the fair (and thought it clever),
 Is now more deeply “mashed” than ever !

A GUERNSEY GIRL.

A^T sweet Cobo Bay, in fair *Guernsee*
 (A nice little spot by the sparkling sea)
 I first met the young and bewitching Marie—
 A charming Guernsey girl.

In a splendid coil, shone her golden hair,
 Deep blue were the eyes of this maiden fair,
 And bird-like she sang, without ever a care,
 This lovely Guernsey girl.

We rowed o'er to Herm ; we sailed to sweet Sercq
 In the soft Summer eve ; we "spooned" till 'twas
 dark :

I sighed for a mansion and largish-sized park
 For this lovable Guernsey girl.

And oft she would sketch—ship, headland, or bay,
 And as at her small feet entrancèd I lay,
 I thought her an angel, a sylph, or a fay—
 This darling Guernsey girl.

We gather'd the wild flow'rs that gemm'd the
 green hills ;

We strayed by the margin of clear sparkling rills
 (Oh ! little I recked of my landlord's big bills)—
 My beautiful Guernsey girl.

" 'Tis love," I remarked, " that cheereth man's life :
 I'll win thee, dear Marie, for my little wife,
 And then I shan't envy the Duke of —, well—
 say Fife "—

 Adorable Guernsey girl !

Ah ! me, I forgot I had no golden store,
 And this maid was to marry a wealthy old bore,
 So her parents, politely, just show'd me the door—
 So good-bye to the Guernsey girl !

NOT MUCH!

YOU forgive the Sylph who jilted you
 Just thirteen weeks ago—
 You forgive the Swell who "cut you dead,"
 Though you're reeling from the blow.

You pity and excuse the Sneak
 Who "slated" your first book—
 And the enterprising man-in-blue
 Who married your best cook.

You pardon, too, the Slanderer,
 Who envies your great fame,
 The Scamp who with your wife ran off—
 Perhaps 'tis *she's* to blame!

But you never will forgive the "Friend" (?)
 (And he shall never have your vote)
 Who refused—(the mean and sordid wretch)—
 To lend a *five-pun note!*



A PLAGUE OF FLIES.

HAST thou suffered from the house fly?
 (Which is *Musca* in the Classics,
 With *Domestica* thereto added.)
 Has thy life become a burden
 With the buzzing, fierce blue-bottle (ah!)
 Or the house fly, erst so harmless,
 Which danced airy dances graceful,
 In your chamber (near the ceiling),
 Or, what time you were a "kidling,"
 Astonished you by walking
 Head downwards—without falling!

Hath this harmless thing (misguided)
 Made itself, of late, a nuisance?
 Creeping o'er thy nose, when napping,
 Skating o'er thy hairless cranium,
 Causing language not Parliamentary!—
 Swarming o'er the meat at table,
 Getting drowned within the milk jug,
 And defiling thy loaf sugar!—
 Sipping everything, save water
 (For the "craythur" ain't teetotal!)

Then arise, irate Householdah
 And hie thee to the glass man,
 For a little glass "fly-catcher,"
 Fill it partially with "bittah"
 Beer mixed up with sugah!
 Then, note well, aggrieved Householdah!
 Very quick the buzzing insect
 Will, *ma foi*, soon cease from troubling!

Entering gay its crystal prison,
 'Twill escape—well—"hardly ever."
 For the nectar at the bottom
 Is too strong for hapless *Musca*!
 All in vain its frantic strugglings
 For when "boozed" with treach'rous liquor
 Its cold corse soon floats unheeded,
 "Slain by Drink"—which slays its thousands!
 It will buzz no more, thereafter!



A LADY'S SHOE.

WITHIN an ancient Castle's stately walls,
 I stand 'midst trophies of the warrior dead,
 Brave hearts of old, who at their country's call,
 On gory field for England's honour bled.

Yon pond'rous axe, swung by a mighty arm,
 Crashed through an iron helm at Agincourt ;
 This falchion flashed in fiery Rupert's hand,
 When through the Roundhead ranks his furious
 horsemen tore.

* * * * *

Swift flew the hours, as sadly there I mused,
 While rose each scene of blood before my view,
 I raised my eyes, then, wondering, I espied
 'Mongst deadly sword and spear—a lady's shoe !

A little high-heeled, faded satin shoe
 Of some once-blooming, radiant soft-eyed beauty,
 Whose hand was kissed by gallant cavalier,
 Ere, with a smile, the soldier went on duty.

Oft hath that little shoe impatient beat
 When tedious hours deferr'd the lovers' greeting ;
 Oft hath the tiny foot at Summer's eve
 A brave man's heart set wildly beating !

That gallant heart lay pierced on Marston Moor,
 The fairy feet will trip on earth, oh ! never ;
 The maiden's soul hath flown beyond the stars,
 In realms of Joy two fond hearts beat for ever !



TO ELLA.

I N yonder blue heaven Love's planet is smiling
 Alone in her splendour—fair Queen of the
 skies ;
 Yet bestow'd all in vain are her brightest of
 glances,—
 For I sigh for the light of thy loving blue eyes.

The loveliest rose e'er besprinkled by dew-drop,
 Whose red honied petals the roving bee sips,
 May pine unregarded in lone, stately beauty—
 More lovely by far are thy ripe fragrant lips.

O'er the lakelet's calm bosom soft music is stealing,
 And the nightingale's trill bids the sad eve
 rejoice ;
 Ah ! unheeded her love-notes fall, linger, and
 perish,
 I drink the sweet sound of thy soft murm'ring
 voice.

Dame Fortune, so fickle, may grant me her favors,
 Bright gems of Golconda—rare treasures of art.
 Away with such baubles ! I ask but one blessing,
 The priceless first-love of thy sweet girlish heart.



PAT.

BRITONS ever boast fair play,
 (No ghost it needs to tell us that),
 Well, Patrick's had enough of scolding,
 So let us say a word for Pat.

Patrick certainly has failings,
 Even Britons have faults, too.
 When we feel inclined to censure,
 Let us keep that fact in view.

Often Pat imbibes bad whiskey,
 Then gets "mixed up" in a row,
 Does himself, or others, damage,
 And he knows not why, or how !

Patrick's heart is warm and tender,
 But he needs a cooler head,
 Patrick acts too much on impulse,
 And by knaves is Pat misled.

"Patriots"—reg'lar artful dodgers—
 Neatly take the poor "bhoy" in,
 Tell him Erin shall be victor,
 Pocket then poor Patrick's "tin."

Patrick—a devoted husband—
 Has a loving, faithful wife ;
 Love, that often flies the palace,
 Lights poor Patrick's married life.

Pat's young lads are often shoeless,
 And, by no means overfed,
 But they grow up strong and stalwart,
 And no hardships ever dread.

And though hard-earned is Pat's money,
 Little on himself he'll spend,
 But across the wide Atlantic,
 Cash to agèd parents send.

* * * * *

When you're slighted and forsaken,
 (That is, when your riches end),
 When your house, and purse, are empty,
 Then you'll find poor Pat's your friend.



A SPRING DAY.

A WAY from the city this glorious day,
 Far, far from the din of its ceaseless strife,
 Midst flower-decked meads where gay lambkins
 play,
 Where beauteous Nature awakes to Life !

Here the daffodil nods its golden head,
 The primrose clusters by silvery stream,
 The cowslip bends 'neath Spring's airy tread,
 Knee-deep in the lush grass, the red kine dream.

Aloft caws the rook in the swaying tree,
 Carols the lark in Heaven's deep blue,
 Floats perfume sweet—where nestles the bee,
 And soft on the ear falls the wood-doves' coo.

Peals through the dim aisles of the grand old wood,
 Where feathered songsters make music sweet—
 An Anthem of praise to the Father Good,
 An offering lovingly laid at His feet.



TRIOLET.

O, I love you, Lynnette,
 Though you're colder than ever,
 And the last time we met—
 (O, I love you, Lynnette)
 Perhaps in a "pet"—
 You "cut" me so clever!
 O, I love you, Lynnette,
 Though you're colder than ever.

Why disdainfully treat
 Your unfortunate lover?
 Lynnette—I repeat—
 Why disdainfully treat
 One whose heart feels Love's beat
 Judging, ah! me, the book by its cover!
 Why disdainfully treat
 Your unfortunate lover?

Ah! I sigh for your love!
 As the miser for treasure.
 Be, Lynnette—my fond dove!
 (Ah! I sigh for your love)
 And the angels above
 Will all envy our pleasure!
 Ah! I sigh for your love
 As the miser for treasure.



TO ANNETTE.

SMOKING my mild cigarette,
 I'm thinking of you, lov'd Annette,
 Of your eyes black as night,
 And your smile ever bright,
 My light-hearted, winsome brunette.

I believe you're a little coquette,
 Fair maid (with wavèd tresses of jet)!
 And your eyes (not deep blue)
 Are, alas, far from true,
 Though with tear-drops their lashes be wet!

But you're sweet as fresh-pluck'd mignonette,
 You teasing and arch little pet.

Your poor lovers may sigh
 And swear that "they'll die,"
 While you laugh at 'em—caught in your net!

Now, frolicsome, flirting Annette,
 I've loved you since first our eyes met,
 And I'll try every art

That may melt your cold heart;
 Yes, and win you, O fickle one—yet!

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

LONG, long had I worshipp'd, with silent
devotion

Her violet eyes, which seemed loving and true ;
But the maiden was cold as the spray of the ocean,
And too great, and too grand, for a poor man
to woo.

But Christmas-tide came with its mirth and its
gladness,
And the maiden smiled sweetly and granted one
dance,
And swift flew away all my feelings of sadness
For the mistletoe gave me a much-longed-for
chance !

I offered my heart, and the maiden relented,
(For she's loving and sweet, and not cruel and
grand)
O joy ! and O bliss ! she at last has consented,
And my sweet New Year's gift is the darling's
white hand !



TO A COQUETTE.

THOU art Beauty's Queen to-night,
And a constellation bright
Of adorers, round thee stand—
Ay, the noblest in the land.

Thy glorious blue eyes shine
With a light that's half divine ;
'Neath the waxlights' soften'd beam
Thy rare golden tresses gleam.

Yes ! to see thee is to love,
 Brightest seraphs from above
 Grac'd thy form with matchless art,
 Yet denied to thee—a heart !

For those eyes of softest blue
 Are so cruel, so untrue ;
 And that glance so sweetly coy
 Lures us on, but to destroy !

Then for thee is Love's sweet pain
 All in vain, all in vain !—
Thy tribute, lovely Kitty,
 Is the crystal tear of—Pity !



THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

O TO break, like a giant, asunder,
 The fetters that bind us to Earth,
 When all are predestined to suffer,
 From the fatal moment of birth,
 To fly from the cares of the present—
 Its vanities, envy and strife,
 Where sin, and its dark shadow, sorrow,
 Embitter the rich wine of life.

To some golden Isle of the Blest,
 Sparkling far in the boundless main,
 Where the years are one Summer eternal,
 Unclouded by trouble or pain ;
 And through fairest regions of flowers,
 The silvery streamlet e'er flows,
 And the faint perfumed Zephyrs kiss fondly
 The lips of the lily and rose.

Where songsters of radiant beauty,
 Pour forth their melodious lays,
 And murmuring wood-doves coo softly—
 Unheeding the long dreamy days—
 O there with the true heart that loves us,
 At last we find Solace and Rest ;
 And Love crowns with joy, the bright moments—
 In the glorious Isle of the Blest.



EVENING.

THE daylight slowly dies,
 The grave rook homeward hies,
 The glorious tints of sunset are fast fading from the
 sky.

And in the forest dim
 Chant the birds their evening hymn
 While a lonely star is watching o'er the world from
 on high.

All through the summer hours,
 The zephyrs 'midst the flowers
 Sportive kiss'd the rose's red lips, tossed the fresh
 leaves on each tree.

While the merry, babbling brook
 Ran past many a lovely nook
 Through meadows starred with daisies, to the sea.

The stillness—the sweet calm
 (To the weary heart a balm)
 Fall like soften'd silver moonbeams on the dark
 and restless main,
 And o'er dewy fields come stealing
 Sound of happy bells, soft pealing,
 To chase afar dread spirits who oppress the soul
 with pain.

The while sweet Luna pale
 Flings o'er earth her silv'ry veil,
 While the summer woods are sleeping, and low
 moans the angry sea.
 In this solemn holy hour,
 O Thou, Almighty Power,
 Our world-worn hearts, in worship, we offer, Lord,
 to Thee !



JACK.

IN the sweet, fresh bloom of joyous youth,
 When to live and love is purest pleasure,
 A noble boy—with a farewell kiss,
 Left his mother's side—her heart's sole treasure.

With a sunny smile and a tear-dewed eye,
 He bade adieu to his native valley,
 His proud soul burned for Wealth and Fame,
 And in quiet home could no longer dally.

In a distant land he made a name,
 Which a Father's heart set proudly beating,
 And tears of joy filled a Mother's eyes,
 As she waited the longed-for hour of meeting.

Vain, vain alas ! are our brightest hopes,
 Joy never is free from its shadow—Sorrow,
 The lips that we joyously kiss to-day
 The Angel of Death may kiss to-morrow !

The mother may watch till her sight grows dim,
 Her boy's blue eyes she shall see, oh ! never,
 Death's chill embrace hath freed his soul,
 The strong brave heart lies stilled for ever.

But weep not, Mother ! in hopeless grief—
 O'er Death, and Hell, Christ rose victorious,
 Thy loved-one shines in endless joy,
 Near God's White Throne—in vesture glorious.



MAY.

THE meadows are decked with gay cowslips,
 With music the woodland doth ring,
 With fairy-like footfall comes tripping
 The bright and the beauteous Spring :

Young lambkins are frisking around her,
 The primroses smile at her feet ;
 Entwined in her soft silken tresses
 The lily and violet meet.

O, Goddess ! thy beauty adoring—
 On soft grass athirst for fresh showers—
 We kneel, and our deep love outpouring,
 We hail thee, Fair Mother of Flowers !



A DREAM OF LOVE.

IN vain the wisest men of old
 Cry "Love is but a glorious dream"—
 How oft hath that old tale been told !

A maiden to our heart we fold,
 Her lustrous eyes love-lighted beam,
 Joy's sparkling cup on high we hold ;

And Fortune showers rare gifts—behold
 Our Life!—the softest gliding stream
 Which e'er through verdant meadows roll'd.

We boast, "Can Beauty's smile be sold?"
 "Or blush, swift mantling o'er her cheek of cream,"
 "Her gentle heart be lured by glittering gold?"

Ah me! that maid of beauteous mould
 Is thine no more! though constant, you may deem,
 Alas! that Love should e'er grow cold!

Yet little recks fond youth—so gaily bold—
 When poets say, "Things are not what they seem"—
 In vain the wisest men of old
 Cry "Love is but a glorious dream!"



MEMORY.

SPRING'S sunny smile brings joy again to our
 old Earth,
 Sweet song of birds, and sound of happy children's
 mirth;
 Decks roseate Nature with a wealth of flowers,
 Brings e'en to sorrowing hearts, a few brief happy
 hours!

For pitying Mem'ry restores our vanished Love,
 Who from her glorious realm descends like gentle
 dove;
 Kisses the bitter tear-drops from our grief-worn
 eyes,
 Then, sighing soft farewells, is wafted to the skies.

O, Memory—Great Enchantress! as the dull years
 pass,
 We, trembling, tread thy courts—see in thy Magic
 Glass
 A glimpse of our lost Love!—one glimpse—then
 sad, sweet pain,
 We're turned from Eden's joys—to Sorrow's wastes
 again.



A WHITE ROSE.

AH! me, how I treasure that dead White Rose,
 ('Tis little for jewels, or gold I care)
 For it speaks—though dead—of a vanished joy,
 Of a face and form that were, oh! so fair.

'Twas culled by a white and tiny hand,
 Whiter by far than its petals of snow,
 One sunny morn last leafy June,
 Ah! me, it seems to be ages ago.

Oh! little Rose, how thy sister flowers
 Sighed, that like thee, they might be blest,
 To die on that maiden's pure white heart,
 To dream an hour, next her guileless breast.

Thou wert craved as a boon, one sad sweet morn,
 (Stern Fate had decreed for a time we should
 part),
 And love look'd from the depths of soft tear-dew'd
 eyes,
 As a golden head nestled close to my heart.

How little we dreamt in our happy love,
 We should part—that morn—to meet, ah! never,
 That the golden chain, which our fond hearts bound,
 Death's iron hand should snap for ever.

Bereft of its treasure—a joyless life

Drags painful and slow to its longed-for close,
 And a widow'd heart with sad pleasure retains,
 But a Mem'ry sweet, and a dead White Rose.



LAKELAND.

I CARE not for fair Lurlei Rock
 Washed by the winding Rhine,
 Nor for the snow-clad Alpine peaks,
 Where waves the gloomy pine ;
 Ah ! no, I sigh for Westmoreland—
 Fond memories it wakes,
 Once more my longing eyes behold,
 The lovèd English Lakes.

Oh ! once again my white-winged bark
 Skims crystal Windermere,
 And mirrored in her silent depths
 The wooded isles appear ;
 I anchor near their silvery strand,
 Where merry wavelets play,
 And as a dream, oh ! swiftly flies
 The long bright Summer's day.

I ramble through the meadows sweet,
 Towards smiling Ambleside,
 And linger where the Brathay
 O'er pebbly bed doth glide ;
 Then onward as a pilgrim
 To the spot where Wordsworth sleeps,
 When all is hushed, and from the skies
 One lone star shyly peeps.

And ere the morning sun is up,
 Climb grim Helvellyn's brow,
 Or mount the gentler fern-clad steep
 Of Grasmere's Silver How,
 And drink the wild-flower-scented air,
 And view the thousand rills,
 Which chase each other joyously,
 Adown the verdant hills.

A passing glance at grand Skiddaw,
 And then I haste away,
 To watch where Derwentwater sleeps
 All through the Summer day;
 Oh! lov'liest of thy sisters fair!
 My raptured soul hath rest,
 When spell-bound by the beauty
 Of thy pure and tranquil breast.

I bid, too soon, a long adieu—
 Ah! me, I must away,
 To join the rush of "madding" crowds
 In cities far away.
 But the sunny smile of mere and glen,
 Shall be forgotten never.
 The memories of Lakeland
 Shall be a joy for ever!



A PHILOSOPHICAL POET.

THE poet read the *Figaro* t'other night
 (The best of papers published for a "brown"),
 He likes to know what's doing in the West,
 In Plymouth's picturesque, but humid town.

He glanced in passing at the "Ladies' column,"
 Found some were dead—or, just as bad,—were
 married !

(The Bard was wifeless, and for forty years
 In single blessedness—good man !—had tarried).

Oh, well he knows that in old Plymouth town
 There's quite a bevy of sweet pretty girls,
 Adas and Ediths, Noras, Florries, Mauds—
 Quite good enough to wed e'en belted earls !

The Bard himself, in happy days of yore,
 Had knelt to one—(at least)—bewitching Belle ;
 Praised Lilian's dark eyes, Ethel's golden hair,
 Brunette or blonde—both pleased the Bard right
 well.

Alas, those golden happy days !—but let's read the
 paper ;

That social portion which refers to "matches,"
 Of course some foolish swain has tied the nuptial
 knot,
 Some maidens (getting old) have made good
 catches !

It's rather rough upon a guileless Bard
 (Who wanders *wifeless* through this Vale of Tears)
 To find his "best" girls marrying, one by one :
 Why can't they wait—the impatient little dears ?

Farewell, farewell ! once worshipp'd dear "old
 flames"—

(Love's light had dimmed, the Bard will not deny)
 Your loss occasions him a little mild regret,
 He pays the passing tribute of a sigh.

To lose you—once, he thought, were worse than
death !

'Twas years ago—he's now a harden'd sinner—
'Tis sad to find you're *other person's wives* ;
But it never spoils—*mesdames*—his needful dinner !

You won't be vexed, dear ladies, that he's calm,
And never "pipes his eye"—(a process silly)—
Ethel dethroned—fair Florrie rules his heart,
And *Rose* consoles him for the loss of *Lily*.



SPRING.

A DIEU to notes of sadness !
Let us chant a song of gladness,
As we hail the first pale primrose and the golden
daffodil ;
Let us wander through the wild wood,
As in happy days of childhood—
And watch the mountain torrent rushing madly
down the hill.

For Spring, fair, bright-ey'd maiden,
With sweet, star-like flowers laden,
With light footsteps skims the meadows—scatters
cowslips o'er the lea ;
And with song the throstles greet her—
Skip the snow-white lambs to meet her,
While golden gleams of sunshine fall o'er mountain,
mere, and sea.

And zephyrs soft are blowing—
 The tender buds are showing—
 The hedgerows stand bedecked in gay robes of
 freshest green ;
 And the skylark gaily singing,
 Its heavenward flight is winging,
 Pouring forth a song of rapture to welcome Nature's
 Queen.



OUT OF WORK.

WINTER'S garb folds earth around,
 In ice-chains the brook lies bound,
 The biting winds rush howling from the Storm-King's
 frozen throne ;
 In the dim, deserted street
 Falls the chilling cruel sleet,
 And darkness and the tempest claim the world for
 their own.

With weary step, and slow,
 Plods sad through slush and snow,
 A poor hapless Son of Toil, who has sought in
 vain for work.
 He "ain't got one blessed meg,"
 "He would rather starve than beg,"
 And his honest, horny hand never yet did labour
 shirk.

All through the cheerless day
 He has tramped from far away,
 With a heart that's nigh to breaking, tired foot and
 aching head.

He scorns the Pauper's name
 As a hated brand of shame ;
 All he asks (alas ! in vain) is a chance to earn his
 bread !

It is hard to understand,
 In this great and wealthy land,
 Why an honest Working Man cannot earn his daily
 bread.

Is it not because of fools,
 And of senseless red tape rules,
 That oft a suffering Brother, from Starvation drops
 down dead ?



TO ———.

WHAT though between two fond hearts rolls,
 Full many a league of cruel sea ?
 The world of waters parts not souls,
 And distance but endeareth thee !

Thy beauty, like a glorious star,
 Shines on with radiance soft and bright.
 Entranc'd I worship—from afar,
 While blissful moments wing their flight.

The music of thy voice—my sweet—
 Upon my ear enchanted dwells.
 Thy loving words my lips repeat,
 Like Echo in her fairy dells.

While Life remains we ne'er shall part
 Nor space, nor time, our love dissever—
 Upon the altar of the Heart
 Love's sacred flame glows bright for ever.

SAILOR JACK.

SONG.

OF men who are brave, and of men who are true,
Old England has no lack ;
But the best and bravest of England's sons,
Is gallant Sailor Jack !

No danger he dreads, and he knows no fear,
Though the billows round him roar :
He says, with a smile, when the tempest howls,
" Lord help poor folks ashore."

To the end of the earth, he carries our flag,
The flag none dare attack ;
For the face of the foeman pales with fear,
At the sight of Sailor Jack.

Jack loves a good glass, Jack loves his gay lass,
As she sits upon his knee ;
And he smokes his pipe, and drains his "grog,"
No Monarch so happy as he.

To the sick, to the poor, or a hard-up "chum,"
Jack's ready to give, or lend ;
When the cold world frowns, he stands by your side,
Jack never deserts a friend !

Then a health to our tars on the ocean blue,
May fair winds waft them back ;
And a health to the lass whose heart is true
To gallant Sailor Jack.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD.

A LITTLE bird sits on yonder tree,
And this is the song he sings to me :—

* * * * *

“In woodland sweet, in flow’r-decked dell,
Where violets peep, I love to dwell ;
At pearly dawn I lightly pass
O’er glades of rich dew-sprinkl’d grass,
And through the yielding ambient air
Slow-sailing view the earth so fair,
Or seeking some sequester’d nook,
Sip crystal draught from pebbly brook.
Far o’er green hills my way I take
To valleys gemm’d with many a lake,
With light wing skim the silv’ry wave
And in cool waters, joyous, lave.
As slow steal on, eve’s shades so sweet,
With song fair Vesper’s glance I greet ;
Then through the wood, my song doth float,
Sweet Echo softly sings each note—
Pale Luna smiles—with lavish hand
Show’rs silver light o’er all the land,
Deep silence reigneth over all,
Save dash of distant waterfall ;
Through leafy curtains then I peep,
And in night’s stillness, fall asleep.”

TRIOLET.

THY face was so near,
 I stole that sweet kiss !
 My own Molly dear.
 Thy face was so near,
 Half in love—half in fear
 Passed that moment of bliss !
 Thy face was so near,
 I stole that sweet kiss !



A DIRGE FOR "DOTTIE."

YOU may boast the noble Mastiff, that guards
 the splendid home,
 And with your Scottish Collie, you may love at eve
 to roam,
 You may praise your Irish Terrier—a friend both
 tried and true,
 You may deck your wee "King Charlie" with a
 ribbon all of blue :
 Still the best of all pet doggies that e'er snoozed
 upon a rug,
 Is the gentle, and affectionate, and playful, little
 Pug.
 With his bright eyes soft and loving, with his nose
 of inky black
 And his tail so drolly curled (to starboard) o'er his
 back,

And his tawny coat so cleanly—quite a gentleman-
 like Bow-wow,
 And too dignified a quadruped to mix up with
 vulgar row ;
 Jet black his little “ tootsies,” jet black each
 pendant lug :
 A gay and spruce young doggie, is the handsome
 little Pug.

* * * * *

Our little pet, our “ Dottie,” was of gentler sex I
 ween,
 A more tender little mother, I believe has ne'er
 been seen ;
 She loved her pretty offspring—so funny and so
 blind—
 She liked to hear their praises from good folks
 whose hearts were kind ;
 If one tender little puppy were taken, but in play,
 How she begged for his return, in her pretty
 doggish way !

Poor Dottie's cares are over now—her loving heart
 is still !
 She lies beneath the daisies white, that stud the
 wind-swept hill ;
 We tell of all her pretty pranks, throughout the
 changing year,
 Till down her gentle mistress' cheek, there strays
 the silent tear,
 And we pay “ the tribute of a sigh ” when at eve
 we sadly pass
 Where our “ Dottie ” lies a-sleeping, beneath the
 waving grass.

DREAMING.

THIS night, with grief too deep for tears,
 I think of all the vanish'd years,
 Which pass'd like swift ships in the night,
 While I all heedless of their flight, lay—
 Dreaming.

Of Wealth and Fame—of loving Wife,
 A Lotus-Eater all my life!—
 In listless languor midst gay flow'rs,
 Wasting the precious golden hours—
 Dreaming.

A blight upon my fair life fell,
 (Perchance by some Magician's spell)—
 Regrets, ah me!—all, all in vain,
 Deaden'd, alas! in heart and brain—
 Dreaming.

While others shrank not from the fight,
 Battling most nobly for the Right,
 Scattering Sin's hosts at close of day,
 Ignobly in my tent I lay—
 Dreaming.

My life's few sands are almost run,
 Nothing attempted—nothing done!
 The dreaded shadow draweth near,
 To find me *still*—I greatly fear—
 Dreaming!

THE SCEPTIC.

WRITES a sated and cynical Sceptic,
 (Who basks in Dame Fortune's bright smile)
 "I'm a-weary of this wretched World,
 Of its heartlessness, meanness and guile.

"Of chasing that butterfly—Pleasure,
 And gaining Sin's hard-earned wage,
 Of the follies of gay, mad-cap Youth,
 And the grasping of cold-hearted Age.

"For Life is just trouble and sorrow,
 Earth a sunless, drear valley of tears ;
 Joy but the bright dream of the poet,
 And accursed are man's grief-laden years !"—

Thus ran the dull Jeremiad,
 And it filled me with sadness and pain,
 This croaking—that "Life's *not* worth living,
 And all earthly endeavour is vain !"

Is it true what this Pessimist preaches,
 That mortals are doomed from their birth ?
 And all that ennobles Existence
 Hath fled from this desolate Earth ?

* * * * *

Just then joyous shouting and laughter,
 Arose from young children at play,
 Who frisked in the daisy-strewn meadows,
 No lambkins so happy as they.

Their bright locks were kissed by the zephyrs,
 Their pure eyes were sparkling with joy ;
 What knew *they* of Suffering and Sorrow,
 And *their* simple pleasures ne'er cloy !

And I cried—"Thou art answered, O Cynic!"
 As I smiled on these innocents' mirth.
 Thank Heaven! that Youth, Joy, and Beauty
 Still brighten our much-abused Earth.



WINKELRIED, THE HERO OF SWITZERLAND.

At the famous Battle of Sempach, in 1385, the last which Austria presumed to try against the (Swiss) Forest Cantons, the enemy's knights having dismounted from their horses presented an impregnable barrier of lances, which disconcerted the Swiss, till Winkelried, a gentleman of Underwald, commending his wife and children to his countrymen, threw himself upon the opposite ranks, and collecting as many lances as he could grasp, forced a passage for his followers by burying them in his bosom.—*Hallam's "Middle Ages."*

FOR weary years, 'neath Austria's heel the
 Switzers brave lay crushed,
 Till with a burning sense of shame the Patriot's
 pale cheek flushed;
 Then rose grim, lion-hearted men, who swore with
 joinèd hand,
 To break the Austrian's galling chain, and free
 their Fatherland.
 They raise aloft Helvetia's flag, long trampled in
 the dust,
 They sharpen each his trusty blade, thick covered
 with rust.

Their banner boldly floats on high, 'tis kiss'd by
 breezes free,
 And hundreds range beneath that, flag to fight for
 Liberty.
 The peasant leaves his goats and kine, to join the
 noble strife,
 With breaking heart gives one last kiss, to babe
 and weeping wife.
 Then girds his sword upon his thigh, and kneels
 on earth's green sod,
 And vows to die a hero's death, for Fatherland
 and God !
 Like sternest sentinels around, the giant mountains
 stand,
 As at their feet, with measured tread, goes forth
 the patriot band,
 Those noble souls, alas ! alas ! their numbers are
 so few ;
 While right in front, in countless ranks, there
 swarms the Austrian crew,
 " Behold their hated standard, their Eagle black
 and fierce,
 Whose cruel beak, and talons sharp, Helvetia's
 heart doth pierce ;
 That banner proud shall kiss the dust, O haughtiest
 of Earth's powers,
 Strike ! brothers, strike ! for hearth and home,
 and victory is ours."
 Thus spake the Switzer leader, flashed bright his
 battle blade,
 Each freeman grasps his stout spear shaft, by
 numbers undismayed ;
 Then rings their shout through all the hills, through
 silent vales below,
 And like the avalanche, they fall, upon the hated foe.

The Austrian host in silence stand, awaiting the
attack,

Their myriad glittering spears, this morn, the sun's
bright beams fling back ;

And loud they laugh—a scornful laugh—“ See these
poor Switzer cravens.”

“ A peasant mob,” they sneering cry, “ let's fling
them to the ravens.”

Ah me, 'twould seem an easy task, the Swiss to
overwhelm ;

The Austrian knights are clad in steel, bright gleams
each gilded helm ;

With scythe or spear each Switzer's armed, nay,
some are but half-dressed.

Unhelm'd is each patriot brave, and bare his noble
breast.

Yet on they rush, as billows dash, upon the
frowning rock,

The Austrian ranks are staggered by the thunder
of the shock,

Yet firm they stand, with spears advanced, an
awful wall of steel,

While like a giant wave flung back, the gallant
Switzers reel !

Three times their thinn'd force they dash, upon the
cruel spears.

Helvetia ! for thy noblest sons, weep, weep, thy
bitterest tears !

In silence grim awhile they stand, and then with
bated breath,

Once more, with dauntless courage, enter the jaws
of death.

Then Winkelried of Underwald—his name shall
never die—

Cried “ Brethren, 'fore the Austrian, no Switzer ere
shall fly ;

For Home and Liberty we fight, the good Cause
 shall not fail,
 We'll sweep the Austrians from the land, like
 leaves before the gale."
 With tearful eye, to God he leaves, his babes and
 loving wife.
 Then rushes where, with horrid din, roars wild the
 deadly strife.
 "Make way for Liberty," he cries, as onward
 fierce he pressed,
 Then buries deep a sheaf of spears in his true
 patriot breast !

* * * * *

The line is broke, the Swiss burst through, the
 Austrians turn and flee,
 And on Helvetia's banner rests glorious Victory.
 The foe is chased from off the soil, Right triumphs
 over Might,
 Thus glorious fell, brave Winkelried, in Sempach's
 bloody fight.



RONDEL.

THY snow-white hand I fondly kiss !
 (Small need hath it of jewels grand),
 Its lightest touch, to me, is bliss,
 Thy snow-white hand !

How few, ah, me ! can understand,
 The joy of love so true as this—
 Their love is like the shifting sand.

My darling—my one prayer it is,
 Where'er I roam, by land or sea,
 Its tender touch I may not miss,
 Thy snow-white hand !



TRUE LOVE.

SAY not, O, Cynic, that "Love is a dream !"
 As bright, and as brief, as the meteor's gleam,
 A mirage that mocketh the heart's fond endeavour,
 Which enchants, and deceives, then doth vanish
 for ever.

Such love is but Passion's unhallowèd flame,
 A false light that lures us to Sorrow and Shame,
 But the pure ray of Love by the angels is given,
 To lead us to Virtue, to Joy and to Heaven !



A PROLOGUE.

ANOTHER year, dear friends hath swiftly flown,
 And Winter's robe o'er our fair isle is thrown,
 The crispy snowflakes strew the silent ground,
 And chained in ice, the crystal streams lie bound.
 Delightful task amidst such dreary scenes,
 To fix the skates to Ethel's neat *bottines*,
 To skim, with that sweet girl, the glassy ice,
 And hear her murmur, "Frank—it's awful nice."

Thus Winter brings to thousands, health and joy,
 (To gay young hearts life's gold hath no alloy);
 But ah! it brings to others woes and fears,
 (For life, at best, is but a vale of tears);
 The old—the poor—both hear its name with dread,
 It means for them—no work—no daily bread!
 And lo! the sailor's wife on bended knee
 Beseeching Him above, for loved ones far at sea.

Old England's sailors are their country's pride.
 "Her giant fleets on every sea doth ride."
 "Of hearts both tried and true, we have no lack,
 Who fight, and conquer, 'neath the Union Jack."—
 Our Merchant ships, with pride we also view,
 Which sail the main from China to Peru.
 Their peaceful mission, but to trade—not fight,
 And distant lands in friendship to unite.

But oft, the Storm Fiend, wrecks the gallant barque,
 When tempests howl, and nights are pitchy dark,
 Flings the huge Vessel on the cruel rocks,
 Rends her firm sides, with fierce waves' thundrous
 shocks.

Brave men fight then in vain—their yawning graves,
 The awful jaws of dread engulfing waves!
 A muttered prayer—one thought of child and wife,
 And Jack, brave Jack! gives up his noble life.

There's sorrow on the Sea!—a gallant ship,
 Manned by Llanelly's sons—last fatal trip,
 Sinks 'neath the seething wave—ah! ne'er again
 For those brave British tars, life's joy, life's pain.
 Loud rings the new-made widow's bitter wail,
 While round her sobbing, cling her orphans pale.
 Ah! cruel Death, thus fond hearts to dissever,
 And snatch the loved one from her side—for ever.

Where shall we look for aid?—why, in this town,
 Where Charity oft melts Misfortune's frown;
 True Welshmen ne'er forget, where'er they roam,
 Their ancient language, and their folks at home.
 Some would-be wits, at this, oft jest and sneer—
 (Poor soulless folk—whose gods are beef and beer!)
 Talk as they will, this never shall be said—
 That Welshmen's orphans e'er shall want for bread.

One word in parting—just a word to say,
 Our "local talent" will present a Play.
 The ladies, too, will—at the call of duty—
 Adorn our stage with "rare and radiant" beauty.
 Our "well-graced actors" have achieved renown,
 Far, far, beyond Llanelly's busy town.
 No pains they spare, no labour ever shirk—
 In Charity's sacred cause, they nobly work.
 May Heaven, approving, their endeavours bless,
 And crown their efforts with deserved success!



TRIOLET.

CAN I trust her sunny smile?
 Or is she but a gay Coquette,
 Who sports with loving hearts awhile;
 Oh, can I trust her sunny smile?
 'Twould seem these blue eyes knew no guile,
 And cruel, thus to doubt her—yet
 Can I trust her sunny smile?
 Or, is she but a gay Coquette?

A PROLOGUE.

PAST are the gloomy days of Winter's reign,
 And gentle Spring, is with us once again ;
 Once more the cowslip, and the daffodil,
 The sweet pale primrose by the murm'ring rill,
 Bring gladsome thoughts—bring visions of sweet
 hours,
 Of coming summer days—all bright with flowers !

Well, at this happy time, again we meet,
 And "old familiar faces" gladly greet ;
 With joy, we welcome many a pleasant face,
 To which, another year, but adds new grace !

Around, we see, full many a maiden fair,
 Whose bright eyes sparkle, like some jewel rare ;
 Whose every glance, leads captive some poor heart,
 Whose smile alone can heal love's bitter smart !

We meet, both old and young, this happy night,
 For local "talent" shall our hearts delight ;
 These clever folk can dance, and likewise sing,
 But wish to show to-night—"The *Play's* the thing."

Like Trojans have they worked, to learn their
 parts,
 (But still the ladies beat them !—bless their hearts !)
 Yet, well we know, that work how hard we may,
 Our best laid schemes (see Burns) "gang oft
 agley" ;
 So should a "hitch" occur—we trust that here,
 No surly cynic will—or carp, or sneer.

If such there present be—go ! mark him well !
 No pleasant tale of *him* the Bard shall tell !
 He fondly hopes such folk won't spoil good fun,
 By boring friends, and showing "how it *should* be
 done."

We come not here, to rack your very soul,
 With tragic daggers, or with poison bowl ;
 Oh, no ! we wish to make you blithe, and gay,
 And send you laughing, to your homes away.

We trust, O friends of this, our good old town,
 That your approval will our efforts crown ;
 Your longed-for smiles, our anxious hearts shall
 cheer,
 And rays of joy shed o'er the coming Year. !



RONDELET.

SWEET dreamy Eyes !
 Into thy wondrous depths I gaze.
 Sweet dreamy Eyes !
 Seeking the love that therein lies.
 Joy, Joy !—for me, are blissful days,
 For Love-light in those blue depths plays,
 Sweet dreamy Eyes !

TRIOLET.

OH ! why is bright Joy,
 The twin-sister of Sorrow ?
 And all pleasures but cloy.
 Why doth Love—naughty boy !—
 Make my poor heart his toy,
 Just to wreck it to-morrow ?
 Oh ! why is bright Joy,
 The twin-sister of Sorrow ?



BLUE EYES.

LET bards hymn the praise of soft Orient
 Beauties,
 Whose dark orbs are darker, than Night's blackest
 skies,
 Away with such Sirens ! no charms have their
 graces,
 Give me the bright glance of sweet loving Blue
 Eyes.

The dark flashing eye, sheds the fierce ray of
 Passion,
 It flames like the meteor—and as swiftly it dies,
 While apart in calm splendour, undimm'd and
 unchanging,
 Shines star-like, the light, of sweet radiant Blue
 Eyes.

Soft eyes of deep blue ! oft the pure tear of pity,
 Wells forth from thy depths, at pale Suffering's
 cries ;

O'er the form of the stricken—the face of the
 dying,
 Falls the angel-like gaze of sweet piteous Blue
 Eyes.

To man there is given, one joy under heaven,
 To love, with a love that all trial defies,
 To woo—and with rapture behold, for his answer,
 The love-light, through tears, of sweet trustful
 Blue Eyes.



IN SUNNY ITALY.

'T WAS somewhere at the Italian lakes,
 Not far, methinks, from sweet Locarno,
 I rested for a few brief weeks
En route for Florence (on the Arno).

All day in sunshine soft I basked,
 My little skiff skimm'd Maggiore,
 No Home Rule Bill disturbed my peace,
 Not much I cared for Whig or Tory!

Sad, sad, my heart! My wings all sing'd
 Through flutt'ring near a gay Coquette—
 I railed at all her faithless Sex,
 And cursed the day, that first we met.

St. Kevin—that grave Irish saint—
 Once fled, we're told, from love and beauty,
 To imitate that holy man,
 Was now—'twas clear—my bounden duty!

I found it was no easy task,
 (Perhaps I'd been so long a sinner,)
 To fast—when one's with hunger faint—
 And quite forego a well-cooked dinner !—

* * * * *

Such were my thoughts, while starlike eyes,
 At *table d' hote* on me were shining.
 The wine was good—the viands “ fair ”
 (Though sad—I'd *not* abandoned dining !)

Who could be blind, when such bright eyes
 With Love's own glorious flame were lighted ?
 Who could be deaf, when tones so soft
 Were music to a heart quite “ blighted ” ?

No Man is proof 'gainst Cupid's wiles,
 (Though thinking he's quite smart and clever),
 Last week I scorned the faithless Sex,
 To-day—I'm more in love than ever !



LOVE IS A ROSE.

LOVE is a Rose,
 Which fadeth away !
 So sweetly it blows.
 (Love is a Rose),
 Why fades it ?—Who knows ?
 Joy dies in a day ;
 Love is a Rose
 Which fadeth away !

FAITH.

THE air is heavy-laden,
 With incense from the flowers,
 Soft strains of sweet bird-music,
 Float from cool, leafy, bowers,
 And o'er the smiling landscape,
 Falls a silvery veil of Light,
 O'er th' lakelet calmly sleeping,
 Watched by the dark, dread, height.

It falls with tender sadness
 Upon a beauteous face,
 On closed eyes, which, for ever,
 Have lost dark Sorrow's trace.

O Mourner ! reft of thy treasure,
 Look on that awful sleep,
 Quench'd is the light of thy life—
 Then down in the dust and weep !

Through blinding tears, in anguish
 Thou gazest with nameless dread,
 Till Star-eyed Faith shall utter :—
 " O Grief !—Be Comforted."

Then the silent room shall echo
 Faint footfalls of Beings blest,
 And words which Seraphs whisper,
 To quiet thy Soul's unrest.



A COUNTRY LIFE.

THRICE happy he, who free from care and
 strife,
 Far, far, from Cities lives his peaceful life,
 Inhales the fragrance of the sweet wild flowers,
 Communes with Nature coy—through blissful hours ;

Beholds her ever-changing robes unfold,
 Spring's tend'rest green, and Autumn's burning
 gold,
 Marks the brown peasant bind the ripen'd sheaves,
 Mourns in October chill—the dying leaves ;

Or 'neath the shadows of the silent hills,
 Watches the racing of the joyous rills,
 Till lulled by music soft, of distant falls,
 Nature's pure beauty his rapt soul enthrals.

How poor, methinks, our vaunted gems and gold.
 For which Life's truest Joys, are basely sold,
 For which men toil and die, where fierce crowds
 roar,
 Bartering immortal souls for glitt'ring ore !

Quite dead, alas ! to charm of Earth and Sky,
 To flowers, all glorious, which, uncared for,—die,
 To birds' gay music—the Sea's Siren Song,
 Earth's ever-springing joys—Heav'n's starry throng !



TO AMY.

SMOKING my mild Cigar,
 And looking this eve afar,
 To the heavenly blue—
 I am thinking of—You,
 My darling—my Life's sweet Star !

OLAF THE NORSE KING.

(EXTRACTS.)

I.—KING OLAF FEASTS THE VIKINGS.

ON Norway's rugged coast, a mighty rock
Frowns grim defiance to the grey North
Sea,

Whose raging billows, waging ceaseless war,
From that grim wall, are ever backward hurl'd.
Borne on the rock's dread brow, like to a crown,
A stately castle rose, whose topmost towers
Were kissed, in passing, by slow-sailing clouds.
In lonely state stood the majestic pile,
Like Eagle resting on his aerial throne.

Inland, for many a mile, fair cornfields waved,
And mighty forests of the gloomy pine.
Beneath, lay, as in sleep, a narrow fjord
Whose crystal waters mirror'd rocky shores,
Unruffled—placid as a virgin's soul,
From stormy passions of the sinful World,
Secure.

Adown hill-sides, with thund'rous roar,
Burst snow-white falls, which scatter pearly spray
O'er verdant meads, where deep-udder'd kine,
Doze dreamily the long, bright, summer day.

From distant heights where 'midst the desert
snows,

Pastures—oases-like—appear, come sweet
The goat-bells' tinkling music, or the bleat
Of wandering, but sure-footed, sheep, who mourn
The loss of tender lambs, fell eagles' prey.

Watchful o'er the peaceful scene, stand round
The silent mountains—sternest sentinals,
While towering far above their haughty crests,
As some great King amongst his mighty men,
Sneehaëtten rears his awful form. In clouds
He hides his frown, save when the lightning's
flash,
Rendeth the veil, and the dread thunder's crash
Rolls horrid 'midst reverberating rocks.

E'en on this glorious summer's eve, he wears,
Close round him wrapp'd his robe of snow, yet
deigns,
With cloudless brow to watch the weary sun,
Sink to sweet rest, on crimson couch of cloud,
And grants him one faint, parting smile. And
now,
As from the wasted face of dying maid,
Eve's bright flush fades, and all around is gloom,
Till tim'rous stars peep forth with their sweet
eyes,
Upon the silent Earth, and watch vain man
Fret out his little hour: and sad their gaze,

For, since on that bright morn on which they
 sang,
 With joy, to see the new and beauteous Earth,
 Through all the ages, they have seen fond man
 Grow, blossom, perish, like the tender flower !

And now the golden lamps, swing from the dome
 Of highest Heaven, fast held by golden chains,
 While from the frozen North, the glorious Lights
 Flash like the flaming Seraphs' swords which
 guard

The pearly gates of Paradise. No sound
 Invades the listening ear, save seabirds' cry,
 By distance rendered sweet, and waterfalls'
 Sweet gentle music lulls the soul, to dreams
 Of Love and Beauty—and the crescent Moon
 Peeps o'er the shoulders of a distant hill
 With bashful maiden glance, and, with meek
 steps,
 Treads slow her star-strown path—then weary
 rests
 In blue mid-heaven, smiling o'er the scene.

Now view'd from vale below, the Castle grey,
 One blaze of light, from base to turret-top—
 Glows like a bale-fire, on the lofty crag,
 And throws far o'er the restless ocean wave,
 A warning light.

Wide yawn the castle doors, whence issue forth
 Gay sounds of revelry, and song, and shout
 Of mighty warrior men—for here, this night,
 Feasts Great King Olaf with his noblest lords.

Within the mighty hall,
 Whose oak-lined walls with spoils of chase are
 hung,
 And richest trophies from grim battle fields,
 The massive tables groan beneath the weight
 Of choicest viands, in profusion heaped,
 While laughs the rich wine in the golden cup,
 And bubbles o'er, ere kissed by eager lips,
 And bearded warriors, from the gold-lipped horn,
 Quaff deepest draughts of foaming nut-brown ale.

On high, amongst his mightiest, sits the King,
 A golden circlet binds his noble brow,
 Adown his shoulders broad, flow yellow locks,
 And from his clear grey eye, looks forth a soul
 Which, oft in perils, both of flood and field,
 Hath looked into the eyes of grisly Death.
 No glist'ning jewels wears he, for such gauds,
 But captivate the eyes of silly maids,
 His royal sceptre is the iron mace,
 His robe, a shirt of chainèd mail, and near
 His huge two-handed sword, which few could
 wield,
 Sleeps in its sheath—and dreams perchance of
 days,
 When, wielded by King Olaf's mighty arm,
 It drank rich blood of Saxon thane, and mowed
 A passage for its lord, through hosts of foes,
 Who fell before its awful sweep, as falls
 The tall grass 'neath the keen-edged scythe.

In peerless beauty, by King Olaf's side,
 Shines Hilda, his true wife and Norway's Queen,
 And 'midst those warriors stern, she seem'd to
 bloom

Like a fair lily, 'midst a hedge of thorns.
 Well may those Vikings who ne'er bend the
 knee,

To God, or man, save to the Mighty Thor,
 Incline to worship the sweet angel-face,
 Whose beauty beams upon them like a star,
 So far she seems above their stormy lives.
 Before her sunlit smile, fierce passions fade,
 As melts the snow, before the sun's warm ray,
 Awed by her beauty, and her spotless fame,
 Men quailed as lions 'neath the Prophet's gaze.

As stands the tall pine on the Norway hills,
 So stands amidst the throng, stern Erik,
 Lord of many thralls. In the torch's glare,
 Gleams as the frozen dew, his shining mail.
 And ever by his Monarch's side, in weal or woe,
 In lofty palace, or on corse-strewn field,
 Or on the blood-stained warship's deck,
 The grim Earl stood.

And Olaf loved him as his soul, and all,
 Save only treasur'd wife, and throne, were his,
 For these two iron natures, into one were fused,
 In Friendship's glowing furnace—and the King,
 Oft to the Earl, had owed his precious life,

In desperate sea-fight, when great Erik's arm,
 The shelt'ring buckler held aloft, when arrows
 sang,
 And spears were hurled, and death-dealing blade
 On iron helmet rang, or sought to drink
 The heart's blood of a king. Thus grew and
 blossomed
 Sweet Friendship's flower—Alas! that at its root,
 The hideous worm of Falsehood e'er should
 gnaw,
 (Already had the canker touched the bud)—
 For, from the fatal hour wherein fair Hilda's
 eyes,
 First shed their starlike radiance on dark Erik's
 soul,
 Desire, most foul, had made his heart its haunt,
 And rode his wretched soul, e'en to the brink
 Of that black pit, where tortured spirits groan.
 As leaf before the rushing gale, so was that soul,
 By Passion's tempest whirled—But naught of this
 Show'd his cold face, as statue-like he stood ;
 So stands the mountain, cased with clear cold ice,
 While in its heart, oft burns volcanic fire.

The noon of night is past, and from the noisy
 hall,
 Fades the fair vision of the lovely Queen,
 While Erik's sad eyes look with wistful look,
 As exiles gaze while fades their lovéd land.

Now circles round the wine-cup, 'midst the shout
 Of laughter at the ribald jest ; now sing
 To golden harps, the Skalds—the mighty deeds
 Of Odin, King of Gods and men ; of Thor,
 The War God, and the wild death-songs of
 Norsemen,

Who from the field of blood, or from the waves'
 cold breast

Gave up their souls—which, led by flaming
 swords

Of Valkyr—Choosers of the Slain—with joy
 Sped upwards to Valhalla—Home of Heroes.
 And as the viewless wind, the wild waves goad,
 The war-songs lash to fury—blood of Norsemen.
 Then leaps each bright sword from its sheath,
 And fierce eyes blaze, and like the hungry
 wolves

The Vikings roar for blood—till, in fierce wrath,
 Like lion roused—rose Olaf, mighty King,
 And at the thunder of his dread command,
 Each sword point drops, and sullen seeks its
 sheath,

And over all, reigns silence as of death.

With dread, each Viking marks the stormy brow,
 And blaze of lightning from his Monarch's eye,
 And quails, lest on his dark uncared-for corse,
 Should batten, ere the morn, the famish'd wolf,
 And raven grim, pick out his unclosed eye.

Slow pass'd the dark cloud from great Olaf's
 face,
 As fades the baleful shadow from the sun
 Eclipsed—and while the fire still glowed within,
 Thus spake the King :—

“ Norsemen ! Odin's sons, who bend the knee
 “ To none save Thor—For many a weary year,
 “ The sword hath slept ; the banner mouldereth
 “ In the lofty hall ; the warships rot upon
 “ The lonely shore,
 “ Or lie deep buried in the yellow sands ;
 “ While ye, who ere these dark and evil days,
 “ With bounding hearts, plung'd through the North
 Sea's foam,
 “ Whose bronzed cheeks, were wet with blinding
 spray,
 “ Whose strong arms swung the deadly axe, and
 flung
 “ The iron spear—now deck your nerveless limbs
 “ In softest vesture, to appear at feasts,
 “ And dally, each bright eve, with gold-haired
 maids—
 “ O Norsemen ! from their shining home on high,
 “ Your glorious sires look down in scornful rage,
 “ Upon their recreant sons, whose arms scarce lift
 “ Their fathers two-edged swords, or bend their
 bows.
 “ Ah ! thus it is accursèd luxury—
 “ Fast eats away the Norseman's valour fierce,
 “ As preys the rust upon the good steel blade.

"And thus, such cravens as the Saxon King,
 "Now dare to pluck the Norseman by the beard,
 "And 'stead of golden tribute, once our due,
 "Presume, in scorn, to send a naked brand.
 "Then Norsemen, rouse ye! raise aloft with shout
 "Our Raven banner, and the sharp sword gird
 "Upon the thigh, and launch the warship swift,
 "And then let nations tremble! Fire and sword
 "Shall mark our dreaded Norsemen's track,
 "And earth shall groan beneath the pilèd dead,
 "And men shall flee, and hide in holes of earth,
 "While, like the furious whirlwind, sweeps along,
 "The Norseman—Scourge of Nations!
 "Proud Kings shall bend their stubborn necks,
 "Beneath the Norseman's heel, and bright red
 gold,
 "And priceless gems, and beauteous glowing
 maids,
 "These—all these—Great Odin grants the brave!"
 Thus the King—while, like a meteor's flash,
 Shone high in air, his sharp and glittering brand.
 Then seemed the hall a forest of blue steel,
 And rose, like roar of thunder, mighty shouts,
 And shook with fear, the Castle's massive walls,
 And loud the distant hills, sent back the cry—
 "Long live King Olaf!—Victory or Death"!
 And now, with joy, beneath the rising sun,
 The Vikings fling their banner to the wind,
 And crowd the warship's deck.

II.—BATTLE BETWEEN NORSEMEN AND SAXONS
AND DEATH OF ETHELWULF.

AND now, by night, the Norsemen southward
march,
While blaze of burning homesteads, lights their
path,
And, in the lurid light, they seem as fiends,
Escaped from yawning Hell—whose baleful
wings
Sweep o'er the Earth—whose fiery breath
Blasts corn, and grass, and tree, and flow'r.

Now from the woods, pale trembling women
peep,
And seek with tim'rous steps, at dawn of day,
Their burning homes, and from devouring flames
Snatch household gods, the greedy foe had
spared ;
Or, with quick hand, and wildly-throbbing heart,
Search 'midst the dead for lovèd form,
In fond, delusive, hope Life's flame still burn'd ;
Or sit, in speechless grief, within the black'ned
walls,
Quite dead to all the world—their dull eyes gaze
On upturn'd rigid face, which silent wears
The glory, and the majesty, of Death.

And Maid draws Lover to her snowy breast,
 And with her tend'rest kisses seeks, in vain,
 To charm the soul back to its soft warm nest,
 Then lays her wearied head, upon the clay-cold
 form—

A pure pale lily, on the breast of Death.
 And tender child, with open wond'ring eyes,
 Stands awed before the stern and chilling face,
 Nor seeks for kisses, from the cold white lips,
 Nor holds out longing arms, for Love's caress.
 Then tender hands lay loved ones 'neath the
 turf,

From which, in coming Spring, the daisy sweet
 Will softly bloom above the silent Heart,
 When White-winged Peace o'er shadows English
 land.

Now, while the wolfish Norsemen rend their
 prey,
 They raise their eyes, and lo ! a cloud
 Of flying dust, from which flash gleam of helm,
 And glittering spear, and flutt'ring pennon gay.
 And now 'neath risen Sun—bursts on the view,
 The Saxon host, led by the Saxon King :
 Rank behind rank come surging on,—a sea
 Of shining steel—all blazing in the glare.

And at the sight, shines Olaf's face with joy,
 And like to trumpet-note rings out his voice
 Of stern command, to form in battle line.

Now to the winds is flung the Norseman's flag,
 And from its ample folds, the Raven fierce,
 Looks forth with eye of fire upon the foe ;
 And round the banner range the mighty men,
 A triple line of steel—stern as grim Death.

Meanwhile, great Ethelbert, the Saxon King,
 On coal-black steed which chafing, paws the
 ground,

And from distended nostril, snorts forth fire—
 Has marshall'd on the plain, his mighty host.
 And flashed his grey eye 'neath his golden helm,
 And joyful beat the strong heart 'neath his mail,
 To look upon his noble Saxon men,
 Who fight for England—their lov'd island home.
 And rests, with joy and pride, the King's bright
 glance,

On Ethelwulf, his much-lov'd, only, son,
 Now in the glorious beauty of fresh youth,
 With bright blue eyes, and hyacinthine locks,
 And smooth fair skin, of sweet and tender tint
 Of dewy Spring flowers. Yet the noble Youth
 Was brave as lion, and in hard-fought fights,
 Rich promise gave, of warrior great and true.

Around him stand a group of Saxon youth,
 Whose noble breasts, with glory are aflame,
 And sighs each young heart, for the Victor's
 crown,

Or, for a glorious death, on field of Fame.

Then swept the King's eye, with a look of
 pride,
 O'er the long lines of glitt'ring Saxon steel,
 And, with a mighty voice, and flashing eyes,
 Thus to the host, spake Ethelbert the King :—

“ Saxons ! who for weary leagues have marched
 “ O'er marsh and moor, through thorny brake,
 and fen,
 “ At dead of night, and in the blazing noon—
 “ Your toils are o'er—behold your hated foe !
 “ Who rages through our land, like starvèd wolf,
 “ Whose hideous fangs are red with Saxon gore.
 “ Ofttimes, your glorious sires, such wolves have
 fought,
 “ The fields were fatten'd with their black hearts'
 blood,
 “ Their scatter'd bones bleached on the silent
 plains ;
 “ But we, in madness, turned our fatal swords
 “ 'Gainst brothers' hearts, in horrid civil strife.
 “ Thus Northmen, scenting carnage from afar,
 “ Like hateful vultures swooped upon our land,
 “ With filthy beaks, tore at our quiv'ring flesh,
 “ While we, sore wounded, helpless, lay supine.
 “ Thus, while the Saxon blade drank Saxon blood,
 “ These vile Sea-Robbers scourged our lovèd
 shores,
 “ Turning our smiling fields, to howling wastes,
 “ And dyed our golden fields with peasants' blood ;

" And we, with broken brands and fallen crests,
 " Knelt in the dust—to Robbers sued for peace,
 " And gave them gold, wet with the widows' tear !
 " Now, now, at last, their cruel chain we've burst,
 " And flung their fetters, from our gallèd limbs,
 " And now, with sword in hand, like giants rous'd,
 " We flash defiance to the hated foe,
 " And swear by Him, Who died on Holy Rood,
 " That never shall we sheathe our trusty swords,
 " While Norseman's foot pollutes our Saxon soil.
 " Then rouse, ye Saxons ! fall upon the foe—
 " And hurl him headlong from our lofty cliffs,
 " And give him burial in the grey North Sea."

He ceased, and then—with sullen thunder's roar,
 Arose a shout, which shook the solid earth.
 Then Saxons grasp their blades, and silent
 stand,
 Majestic as their massive sea-washed cliffs ;
 While, led by Olaf, chanting battle songs,
 Like billows come the Norsemen thundering on,
 Unchecked by ell-long arrows' deadly hail :
 Then steel meets steel—the bloody fight's begun.

* * * * *

The sky is black, with shower of deadly darts,
 And arrows hurtle through the startled air ;
 With fearful crash, descends the pond'rous axe,
 On crested helmet, and sword-dinted shield.

Now snarl the war-horns, and the captains shout,
 And rings the clashing steel ; hoarse shouts of
 joy ;

With groans of men trod 'neath the horses'
 hoofs,

And roars the battle like the raging sea.

Amidst the carnage, Olaf's helmet shines—
 Bright Star of Battle !—his bold Vikings' guide—
 And flashes his huge sword, whose fatal sweep,
 Lays Saxons low in dust,—the dead lie heap'd
 Like golden corn before the sickle keen—
 First fruits of harvest, reaped by grim Death.

Yet are the Norsemen's fiery charges vain ;
 There stands the living wall of Saxons true,
 Which Norsemen's desperate valour cannot
 break.

Thrice hath fierce Olaf dashed against that line,
 And thrice, like sea wave, hath been backward
 hurled,

And, though the red field streams with warrior
 blood,

The stubborn Saxons, yield no foot of ground.

And now young Ethelwulf, his soul afire—
 With chosen band of noblest Saxon youth,
 Spur fierce their steeds, and charge the Northern
 host,

And fall upon it, like to Heaven's dread bolt.

Before that desperate charge, go Vikings down—

Right through the inner wall of steel, they burst,
 And, like the lightning's flash, the Saxon Prince
 Lights 'midst his foes, and grasps their Sacred
 Flag,

Then hews his way, right through the hemming
 host—

Though fall his lovèd friends, like Autumn
 leaves—

And 'midst the deaf'ning shouts of Saxon men,
 Who roar with joy,—the Sacred Banner's won !
 Then stand the Norsemen, paralyzed with fear,
 While spurs the Prince towards the Saxon host,
 With what was left, of all his faithful friends.

But now with arrowy speed, upon him swoops,
 Fierce Olaf blazing lightnings from his eyes,
 And falls upon the young and gallant Prince,
 With fury of the Tiger robbed of whelps.
 In vain, the dauntless Youth rains furious blows,
 Upon his formidable foe—whose hand,
 With calm and steady skill, foils desperate
 stroke ;

Till, like a meteor, whirls into the air,
 The Prince's quivering blade—forced from his
 grasp—

And, swift as lightning, Olaf's deadly brand,
 Right to the hilt, is plunged in Ethelwulf.

Now from the dying hand, the Banner's
wrench'd—

While roar the Norsemen, like the fierce sea
waves—

And falls the brave Prince to the Earth, as falls
The strong young oak, smote by the fiery bolt,
His foot in stirrup snared—while startl'd steed
Flies madly o'er the plain ; and in the mire
Is dragged, the lifeless form of Ethelwulf.

*

III.—EDITH THE FAIR.

IT chanced King Olaf, one bright Summer
eve,

Far from the city, musing, lost his way—
Fast fell the gentle dew, on new-mown grass,
Whose perfume filled the air—and hastily,
While fell eve's shades, the King his steps
retrac'd.

When, hark ! a piercing shriek the stillness
broke,

And flew across his path, a maiden fair,
All clad in white—with tresses streaming wild,
And falling at his feet—"O save me," cried,
Then lay unconscious, in a death-like swoon ;
While followed fast, a fierce and bloated form—
A ruffian, "flushed with insolence and wine."

But, ere the royst'rer's hand had touched the
 maid,
 King Olaf dealt him such a mighty blow,
 The caitiff reeled—then on the earth lay prone ;
 But, with a fearful oath, he quickly rose,
 And, wild with rage and pain, with naked sword,
 Rush'd like a madden'd bull, upon the King,
 Who scarce had time to draw his trusty blade,
 Ere fell upon him, the half-drunken lout.
 But with cool, steady skill, wild rage was foil'd,
 And, with a groan, the ruffian bit the dust.
 Then raised the King, the still unconscious maid,
 And bore her in his arms towards a cot,
 Whose flick'ring taper, shed a friendly light,
 And gave the ancient dame, his precious charge,
 And eke a purse of gold, to tend her well.
 Then op'd the lovely girl, her long-fring'd lids,
 With dewy eyes, look'd thanks upon the King,
 Who, to the distant town, then homeward hied.

* * * * *

All through the night, the maiden's rest was
 broke,
 By visions of her fierce pursuer vile.
 Then chang'd the scene, and in an Arbour fair,
 She sat with Olaf, in the twilight dim ;

And while the love-light shone, in his grey eyes,
 With silvery voice, in accents soft and low,
 He murmur'd—"Edith fair, I love but thee"—
 Then beat her heart, like wing of flutt'ring bird,
 While strayed adown her cheek, Joy's silent
 tear,
 And, with a sigh, she woke—'twas but a dream.

Then rose she, pale and sad, and pensive sat,
 While braiding, slow, her sunny chestnut hair—
 Whose waved tresses veil'd her lovely form,
 Her thoughts, one long, delicious day-dream
 sweet.

The casement open flies—the cool sweet air,
 Rushed lover-like, to kiss her soft, pale cheek,
 And all around was Beauty, Light, and Love.
 Large fleecy clouds, sailed o'er the soft blue
 sky,
 The Zephyr's breath was perfume from the
 flow'rs,
 And on the ear fell melody of birds.

In rich green pastures dozed, or grazed, red
 kine,
 Fair fields were dotted o'er with white-fleec'd
 sheep,
 Who slept hot days, 'neath shade of giant trees.
 And near, a brook ran through the flow'ry
 meads,

Or joyous leaped, o'er ledge of moss-grown
rock—

A chosen haunt of sleepy, speckl'd trout ;
Then onwards rushed, towards the distant main,
Whose islands fair, seemed like to flashing
gems,
All swimming in a glorious opal sea.

* * * * *

Then as sweet Edith, at her casement sat,
Her lily cheek upon her lily hand,
Unseen, King Olaf watched the gentle girl—
A lovely picture, in a frame of flowers—
Till raised the maiden, her soft, dreamy eyes,
(Sweet velvety eyes, of violet-pansy tint),
That looked, with grateful glance, upon the
King,
While mantled o'er her fair and snowy neck,
A sweet, faint flush, like to pink hawthorn
bloom,
Which slowly faded, as the roseate dawn.
Then Love, O Great Magician !—gave her life—
A glorious statue, changed to glowing maid ;
And her fair, tender face, being fiercely woo'd,
By amorous glances of the o'er-warm sun,
They seek that afternoon an arbour cool,
All roofed with roses, and sweet eglantine,
And all was still ; the murmuring brown bee,

Drank luscious draught, from golden cup of
 flower,

Gay insects, in the sunbeam joyful danced,
 And happy, sported out their little day ;
 And all around, flow'rs drooped their drowsy
 heads,

As from on high, one timid, trembling star,
 Looked down with tender glance upon the
 Earth,

While to the King, the Maiden told her tale :—

How that a plund'ring band of Northmen fell,
 On her loved home—her agèd sire had slain,
 And she, a new-made orphan, wildly flew,
 From fate far worse, than agonizing death,
 Till rescued by King Olaf's shelt'ring arm.

And then, with streaming eyes, she lowly knelt,
 And grateful kiss'd, with reverence, Olaf's hand,
 And murmured soft—"Thou art my only friend."

With tender pity for the friendless maid,
 The King bent o'er her, as o'er a trusting
 child,

And said "Fear not—Edith, whate'er befall,
 "I swear, henceforth, to shield thee from all
 harm ;"

Then kissed her lily hand, and strode away,
 While Edith stood amidst the weeping flowers.

" FISCALITIS."

HE was a handsome, town-bred Man,
 (Wore golden bangles on his wrist)
 His manner, truly debonair,—
 Few could its subtle charm resist.

A favourite in Societee,
 In sooth, a regular ladies' man,
 A pleasant life, by Jove, he led,
 But oh ! his troubles soon began.

* * * * *

He met, one day, a Great Expert,
 Whose logic gave his views a "twist,"
 And "ere the midnight clock had tolled,"
 Had made him a Protectionist !

Our convert, full of Fiscal zeal,
 Talked "Tariff," all the livelong day,
 Till list'ners said "a slate is loose"—
 And wished him many miles away.

He wearied e'en his dearest friends,
 ("Swell" invitations came no more)—
 Dreaded, and shunn'd, by all—this man
 Became at length an "Awful Bore !"

His girl (mark well his dreadful fate)
 With eyes so blue, and tresses yellow,
 Jilted this poor Protectionist,
 And wedded soon Another Fellow !

FRIENDLESS.

IN the dim, fast-fading twilight,
 Of a short-lived sunless day,
 On the chilly pavement, barefoot,
 Where the crispy snowflakes stay,
 In the cruel street unsheltered,
 From the wintry tempest wild,
 Lonely, weary, almost fainting,
 Stands a bright-eyed little child.

And the little creature's singing!
 Oh! how faint her few notes weak,
 While, like rain o'er lily's petals,
 Stray the tear drops down her cheek.
 When the wounded song-bird's drooping,
 Can it make the greenwood ring?
 When the stricken heart is aching,
 Ask it not to smile or sing.

And the world so cold and careless,
 Leaves her, helpless, to her fate,
 Or to save her makes an effort
 When alas! it is too late—
 Then if Death should pluck this flow'ret,
 Ere its bloom sin-blighted be—
 'Twere better far, than sink for ever,
 In Oblivion's silent sea.

A "LITTLE WEE DOG."

I 'M a little wee dog—my name is "Jack,"
 My coat cream-colored, my nose is black,
 And rude urchins cry: "Eh! look at 'is 'mug,'"
 (Boys never admire a lady's pug!)

I've a nice blue ribbon around my neck,
 (My mistress loveth "her doggie" to deck),
 And my tail is, oh! so splendidly curl'd,
 It's the finest tail, (I think), in the world!

My mistress is young, and is passing fair,
 With such sweet dark eyes, and raven hair,
 And she makes me happy, and feel so grand,
 With a gentle touch, of her small white hand.

She is sometimes sad—though so young and gay,
 But I win her smile, with the tricks I play,
 As off with her ball of wool, I race—
 Or the tabby cat, from her presence, chase.

The "mashers" are speechless with rage, I know,
 Because my dear mistress loves me so,
 And don't they envy my rapturous bliss,
 When the "little wee doggie," can snatch a kiss!

THE END.

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